

Your Liver Is Clogged Up
That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
will put you right in a few days.
They do their duty.
Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

WANTED TO MAKE IT SURE

Merchant, in His Long Life, Must Have Had Some Dealings With the "Limbs of the Law."

The aged merchant was undoubtedly very ill. In his own mind, at all events, he felt his days were numbered, and sent for the family lawyer. This light of the law now sat at his bedside, notebook in hand, eager to catch each word as it was uttered. "I wish—" began the sick man. "Yes?" answered the lawyer, hastily filling in the gap. "All my property and estate to go to my eldest daughter." The legal gentleman duly made a note of the fact. "I wish to die firm in the knowledge that the property is assured to her," continued the merchant, with eager excitement. "Of course—of course!" fussed the solicitor. "Would it be too much," hesitatingly asked the sick man, "to suggest that you should marry her?"—Answers.

But Mamma Didn't.

Little Mabel was always tumbling down and getting hurt, but as soon as her mother kissed the bumped forehead Mabel would believe it cured and cease crying. One day she accompanied her mother to the Union depot, and while they were seated in the crowded waiting room an intoxicated man entered the door, tripped over a suitcase, and fell sprawling on the floor. The attention of every one was attracted to the incident, and in the sudden silence following the fall Mabel called out: "Don't cry, man. Mamma 'll kiss oo, and 'en oo 'll be all right."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Celtic Arithmetic.

Into the general store of a town up in New York state there recently came a big, good natured Irish woman, who wanted to be weighed. She stepped off the scales almost as soon as she had stepped on.

"Shure, these scales is no good!" was her disgusted comment. "They only weigh up to wan hundred, an' I weigh something like wan hundred and noinety pounds."

"'Tis easily discouraged ye are, Mrs. Casey," said a friend. "Just step onto them twit, me dear, and let Mickey here do the sum for ye."

All Fiasco.

"Why does that old maid use so much paint on her face?" "She's making up for lost time."—Brooklyn Life.

Alas!

Wick—Young Sillicus says his heart is lacerated.
Wagg—Who's the lass?—Philadelphia Record.

THE DOCTOR HABIT And How She Overcame It.

When well selected food has helped the honest physician place his patient in sturdy health and free from the "doctor habit," it is a source of satisfaction to all parties. A Chicago woman says:

"We have not had a doctor in the house during all the 5 years that we have been using Grape-Nuts food. Before we began, however, we had 'the doctor habit,' and scarcely a week went by without a call on our physician."

"When our youngest boy arrived, 5 years ago, I was very much run down and nervous, suffering from indigestion and almost continuous headaches. It was not able to attend to my ordinary domestic duties and was so nervous that I could scarcely control myself. Under advice I took to Grape-Nuts."

"I am now, and have been ever since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, able to do all my own work. The dyspepsia, headaches, nervousness and rheumatism which used to drive me fairly wild, have entirely disappeared."

"My husband finds that in the night work in which he is engaged, Grape-Nuts food supplies him the most wholesome, strengthening and satisfying lunch he ever took with him." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Ghosts For Two

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH

There was Miss Kitty Vernon, visiting her married sister at Keith Hall, far out in the country, and there was Mr. Jack St. Clair, stopping at his brother's place, three miles from Keith Hall, for the fall hunting and shooting. Only three miles apart, and Miss Kitty galloping over the highways on her pony, and Jack roaming about on foot, and yet three long weeks had passed and the two had not caught sight of each other.

There is much talk about magnetic attraction, but the weather is sometimes against it, or there is a range of hills to carry the current off at a tangent.

Jack St. Clair was a poor shot and a worse fisherman. It is just such fellows that go sloshing around and spoil the fun for others. When a snipe has been shot at 40 or 50 times without being even grazed he flies away to Canada for a rest, and the fish who has been permitted to eat all the bait off a hook time after time without being caught finally seeks other waters where there is something doing.

When Jack came home from his all day excursions without so much as a bird's tail-feather or the scale of a fish his sister-in-law would say to him:

"Why not give it up?"

"Why should I?"

"Give it up and spend your time looking for a wife. You are twenty-five years old, fairly wealthy, and it's time you settled down."

"But I am looking. That's one good thing about the country—you can look for snipe, fish and a wife at the same time. No lost hours. If you don't get snipe you may get fish. If you don't get fish you may meet a damsel in distress and rescue her and marry her."

Miss Kitty Vernon was not much of a horsewoman. When riding in the city park her horse was used to the paths and sights and cantered along half asleep and as steady as a clock. Her sister's country pony would shy at stumps, rabbits and geese, and when meeting with a farmer carrying

had spent half an hour investigating the interior.

Fate sometimes gets a lazy streak on, and then things move as slow as molasses creeping across the kitchen floor. Young man and maiden had somehow dodged each other for four whole weeks when Fate woke up. Then came a morning when the chickens and ducks said it was going to rain. They beat the weather bureau at that sort of business. Mr. Sinclair decided not to go gunning and fishing but to try his hand at a toy wheelbarrow for his little niece, and Miss Vernon decided to sit on the porch with a rain-coat on and watch for the automobilist.

Noon and no rain yet! The wheelbarrow wouldn't wheel. The autolite—the only one that came along—was an old curmudgeon who was in a hurry to get somewhere, and he never looked at the girl on the porch and there was no explosion.

Two o'clock and no rain! Mr. Jack yawned and swore, and Miss Kitty yawned and didn't swear.

Three o'clock—four o'clock! Same overcast sky—same clucking hens and quacking ducks, but the first drop of rain had yet to fall.

"Hang it, but this is the very best sort of snipe weather!" exclaimed Mr. Jack as he shouldered his gun and set out.

"I've got a letter to mail, and I'll canter to the village and back," said Miss Kitty as she ordered the man to saddle the pony.

Fate was planning. A snipe or some other bird—one is not over particular about the species—led Mr. Jack a two-mile chase. It did so by offering him about fifty fair shots, and of course every one of them was a miss. He had just aimed for his fifty-first miss when a drop of rain hit him on the nose and the long-deferred downfall began to get busy. The old Parsons house was the nearest shelter, and he made for it.

The pony was galloped into the village and the letter mailed, and she headed for home. Half a mile from the Parsons house, and just as it began to rain, the pony caught sight of a log beside the road he had passed a hundred times and shied at it. Out of the saddle went Miss Kitty, and away for home galloped the pony. No bones broken and no skulls fractured, but no one can take a flop of the sort without a few bumps and being mussed up more or less.

The rain was making porridge of the dust when the unseated and very angry maid started for the old house.

Mr. Sinclair had reached the house fifteen minutes ahead of the girl, and had taken a seat on the rotting floor of what had been the parlor. Five minutes before her arrival he had heard a queer sound upstairs, but several of the stair steps were gone and he could not have investigated if he had wished. He heard rather than saw Miss Kitty timidly enter the hall, and he could not make out what was going on.

A growling from upstairs—a pattering across the floor—a bumpety-bump! Ghosts for two! The real thing and no discount!

Miss Kitty screamed out and fell down the front steps. Mr. Sinclair exclaimed, "The devil!" and also made for out of doors! He saw something flying towards the highway and he up with his gun and fired. He missed, of course, but there was a scream and the something fell down, and the huddle was under his feet before he made out that it was a girl in rain-wet and clinging garments.

"Oh, Mr. Ghost!" from the bundle.

"Who is it? What is it?"

"Sir, how dare you!"

"You hid there on purpose!"

"And you came on purpose!"

There was a moment's silence, and then both laughed heartily and even in the pouring rain explanations were entered into.

"But there was surely a ghost up stairs," protested the girl.

"And I will come here tomorrow and rout it out."

Hand in hand, through rain and mud and darkness, Mr. Sinclair finally delivered his charge into her sister's care and then went his further way.

"Now, then, Miss Kitty, you have had an adventure!" accused her sister.

"I have."

"And I demand to—"

"Oh, you needn't. I have been bucked off by the pony, rolled in the mud, rained on, visited a haunted house, heard a ghost and met the man I am to marry. That's all!"

And next day, when Mr. Sinclair visited the Parsons house he found upstairs an old cat with her tail caught in a crack in the floor, and he blessed her and set her at liberty.



Would stand up on his hind legs

FIFTY CENTS DID WHAT A HUNDRED DOLLARS COULDN'T

Brooklyn Man Discovers He Could Have Saved \$99.50 on Injured Leg.

Imagine spending One Hundred Dollars for preparations to heal a wound on the leg, and then finding that a fifty-cent jar of Resinol did the trick! That is just what C. M. Waggoner, of Brooklyn, N. Y., did. He tells briefly his experience in the following letter:

"A few years ago I seriously injured my leg, and tried everything I saw advertised. Finally, I was advised to try Resinol Ointment, and in a very short time the wound was completely healed. One small jar of Resinol Ointment did what one hundred dollars' worth of other remedies had failed to do."

C. M. WAGGONER,

"Brooklyn, N. Y."

Resinol Ointment instantly relieves eczema, scalds and burns, tetter, milk crust, ringworm, barber's itch, all eruptions and irritations of the skin; pimples, itching, blackheads, boils, chilblains, chaps, etc. Try a fifty-cent jar of Resinol Ointment, to be gotten from your druggist, and you will be more than satisfied with the expenditure. Free sample can be had by writing to Department 83, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

No Sale.

"Hill work?" replied the demonstrator, after Stiggins had inspected the new car carefully. "Hill work? Why that's our strong point, Mr. Stiggins. This car can climb a tree."

"Ha! hum!" demurred Stiggins. "Then I guess I'll look elsewhere. I never saw a car yet that climbed trees that was any good afterward."—Harper's Weekly.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Sharp-Eared Maid.

Wife—Our new maid has sharp ears.

Hubby—Yes. I noticed that the doors are all scratched up around the keyholes.

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Before the Public. Over Five Million Free Samples given away each year. The constant and increasing sales from samples proves the genuine merit of ALLEN'S FOOT-PAKE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for Tired Aching, Swollen, Tender feet. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Lark, N. Y.

It is said that contentment is better than great riches—but most people are willing to take chances with the great riches.

Many a girl fails to select the right husband because she is afraid of being left.

Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale-people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach. A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

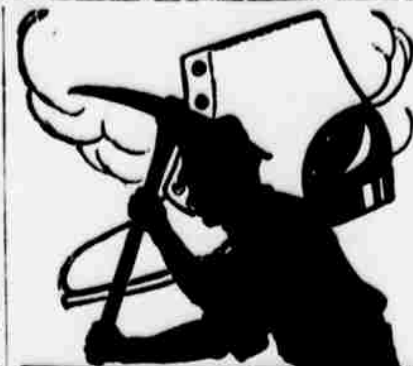
Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the Great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.



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A Pair of Steel Heels Doubles the Life of Your Shoes

by protecting heels and counters where wear is the hardest. They're lighter than leather, and outwear the shoes. Your shoe dealer sells work shoes with these heels attached—or a cobbler can quickly attach them. If your dealer isn't supplied, write us. Your inquiry brings booklet.

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CO. - BOSTON, MASS.

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800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

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This excellent showing causes prices to advance. Land values should double in two years' time. Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts; 160 acre pre-emption at \$3.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement. Climate unexcelled, soil the richest; wood, water and building materials plentiful. For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, "Last Best West," and other information, write to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian government agent.

W. H. ROGERS

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